

Paul Tiernan **"Beth"**

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Now the trains don't pass
Through nashville anymore
They have built a hotel
Where people used wait
For their
Loved ones
To come home
Oh, beth, is it over?
... before it could start?
Oh, beth, is it over?
Farewell my lovely...
I wore away your trust
With a swing of your hips
Your woman girl face
Yu sang out the list of my terrible disgrace
Now
Just at the edge
You let go...
Oh, beth, is it over?
... before I could say...
Oh, beth is it over?
Farewell, my lovely...
And what will I do

Now the trains don't pass through
Nashville
Anymore
When there's nothing but cars
And trucks
And roads
Like half healed scars
That stretch and roll
Through these bad...
Lands...
Oh, beth, is it over?
... before it could start?
Oh, beth, is it over?
Farewell my lovely...

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